



## THE BLIGHTED POTATES

---

There is a man going through the land,  
Dout like to see things quite  
wherever he goes, the world all knows,  
He's sure to cause a ro't  
His name is Murphy a lee arer,  
The other night in Dover  
Bad luck said Biddy M'sweeny  
To the ship that brought him over

### CHORUS

Murphy is a wicked cove  
A d a regu ar m schi f m ker  
But our Holy Charch triumphant stands  
And Murphy cannot shake her

Murphy goes from town to town  
Committing every evil  
Murphy goes the country round  
More sinful than the D——

He in Birmingham caused great a'arm  
At Ashton caused such rows & ra  
An old woman in Rochdale pulled his nose  
And tore a hole in his trousers

Murphy is as bold as brass,  
O d nick could never match him  
But he'll nicely kick old Murphy's A——  
If in —— the catch him  
For all his preaching we do t care  
For the Irish Church Bill we are steering  
And ere long my boys we will jump for joy  
Singing victory & old Lan

Murphy's no more brains inside his head  
Than a great baboon or monkey  
He tries to spout dat they turn him out  
He's a face like a Russian donkey  
He rails against our Catholic Priest  
Delivers wicked orations  
And to fill his purse the nasty beast  
Sells obscene publications

I wonder who thit Murphy is  
Some says he is a clinker  
Some says he is a chimne<sup>m</sup> sweep  
Some says he is a gipsy tink-er  
Be what he may all I can say  
He find him self in the lurch will  
Barrish says Dan for Paddy's land  
We're sure of the Irish Church bil

### CHORUS—

By Murphy we'll not be annoyed  
Bigho says Biddy O'nevy  
His wicked book have been destroyed  
And we'll have none of his blarney